ITIS,
OR THREE SEVE-
rall Boxes of ſporting
Familiars.

ELOGIVM.

True honeſt mirthe vſed with ſobrictie,
Can be offenſiue to no ſocietie:
Thereof in this booke thou haſt varietie,
So that thou maiſt reade without ſatietie.

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponã?

Shall I ſtand thrumming of caps all the daye?
Shall I not as other take leaue to playe.

AT LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Iudſon, for
Iohn Browne, and *Iohn Harber*, and are
to be ſould at the ſigne of the paper
booke in Chauncerie
lane. 1598.

TO THE WORSHPFVL and his familiar friende Maſter ANTHONY CARPENTER,

after the ſweate of this life, the ſweete of the life to come.

STill keeping in company (familiar good Sir) with no worſe mates, thē feare to my maker, honour to my ruler, loue to my birth place, goodwil to al men, of late I was ouer-taken by the familiar ſprite of Melancholy, and by it gently caried vp into the mountaine of conceite, whence with the humorles eyes of ſpeculation as I viewed, and viewed againe the worlde

the theater of mans life, at firſt I was put to the puſh of my harde choyce, whether with *Heraclitus* to rubbe mine eyes, and weepe, or with *Democritus* to clappe mine handes and laugh to ſee how euery one played his part. But at length phiſiognomizing my complexion and ſeeing therein more drineſſe then moyſture, anatomizing my bodies frame, and finding therin more light then gall, laſtly, examining the earthen-pot of my fatall ſtone-lots and numbring them to bee more white then blacke, I reſolutely drew foorth mine hands out of my boſome to clap them, and enlarged my lunges the bellowes of mine Organ-pipes to laugh a good, as did good *Democritus*. A while after ſeaſonably calming my hart quaking laughter with a ſuddaine pauſe of amazement, and retyring my wool-gathering wits to my ſilent cloſet, in memorie of ſome good actors of the ſaid worlds Tragœdie, I penned ſome familiar Items. All which being three times fortie, I haue cloſed vp in three boxes, and to ſend them vnto you (friendly good Sir) that at idle ſpurt if you like ſporte, you might (& I pray that you would) looke them ouer, but not ouer-loooke them. If you reſpect their vnripenes farre from perfection they

120

they are but as *Itys*, a greene plouer: if their ſhape forme, matter, manner, conditions, they are but 3. ſeueral boxes of ſporting familiars: I ſay three, yet not at ods one with another ſeuerall: yet not vnioyned or vnioynted boxes, yet not peace breakers, ſporting yet not wantons, familiars, yet not bug-beares, & ſuch familiars, as euery one naked, but none a gaſtly ſprite: euery one vnkempt, but none a ranke ſlouen: euery one well tayled, but none a very beaſt. It do owe you many od courteſies, therefore they are three: I doe pay them by peece-meale, therefore they are ſeueral: I cannot in earneſt make you full ſatisfactiō, therfore they are ſporting: I keepe all in minde, therefore they are boxes: I preſume on your patience for a further day, therefore they are familiar. Againe, if you finde them but odly compoſed, they being three: if but weake, they beeing ſeuerall: if but ſenceleſſe, they beeing boxes: if but ridiculous, they being ſporting: if but plaine, homely, contemptible, they being familiars, doe tell you that you ſhould but deceiue your ſelfe, if you thought otherwiſe of them. And yet as they are three, they can make euen: ſeuerall, they can encounter: boxes, they can play the boxe: ſporting, they

can chide: familiars, they can be at variãce with ſuch as are either odde companions, or factious heads, or iugling mates, or broade ieſters, or ſoothing knaues, and therefore if to maintaine their naughtines they ſhall whette their wit, as good neuer a whet, as neuer a whit the better. If I am obſcure, impute it to my coueting of breuitie, I ende mine Epiſtle, but end not my thanks for your courteſies, nor mine hope of your good liking, nor my wiſhe of your welfare, and ſo farwell.

Yours in ſport and earneſt.

Robert Ioyner.

The Author to his Itis.

AH my young ITIS is thy neaſt too warme,
That thou wilt needs abroad to thine owne harme
At home dooſt feare (if thou goe no further)
That a Progne will at length thee murther?
Abroade (being yet but nakedly borne)
Doeſt thou not dread to be laughed to ſcorne?
Admitte, at home in mending I thee mangled,
And when I mard all perchance I thee ſtrangled:
Were it not better at home, ſo to dye,
Then thus abroade in naked ſorte to flie?
No, no, thou truſteſt that ſome one for pittie,
Will fauour thee more then ſo in the cittie.
Wel Itis, wel, ſince thou wilt me forſake,
Goe, of thy fortune, doe thy triall make.
Go Lapwing, goe lackewing, thou makeſt me blaſh,
To ſee thee to flie before thou be fluſh.
Go, but yet ſtay, ere thou from me departe,
Let me ſomewhat diſcharge a fathers parte.

As yet to all ſortes, thou art but a ſtranger,
Hardly may thou paſſe ſafe without danger.
Wherefore to make thee familiarly knowne,
Hold, take with thee, Familiars of mine owne.
Familiars, that whereſoeuer thou reſorte,
Thou mayſt gaine fauour by making ſome ſporte.
To ſpeake troth, thy Familiars are nipping grams.
Yet doe thou conceale, that they be Epigrams.
Agrippa *(who knewe Arte Magike forbidden,*
Saide, he wrote but of Phyloſophie hidden.
When a trade is bad, giue it a new name,
And with credit, then one may vſe the ſame.
Epigrams as obſcæne vearſe each one hates,
Say then thy vearſes are familiar mates.
In deede they are gnats, fleas, flies diſguiſed,
But to whome thou tell that, be aduiſed.
Three Boxes *more, (if theſe three* Boxes *ſpeede)*
Of familiar earewigs thy neaſt may breede.
Where now? doo thy feete ſore itch to be gone?
Nay, ſoft, harke a while, I will ende anone.
Learne to diſcerne, falſe rockes from their harbours.
Schollers from Colliers, Squiers from Barbours,
Beware of nets, gins, pitfoldes, dartes, guns, bowes,
Beware of ſtones, cudgels, blades, bullets, blowes.
Take heede of ape, of catte, of hawke, of kite,

Of all

Of all that ſnatch, catche, ſting, ſling, beate, or bite.
Well, I ſee thou doeſt thinke I doe thee wrong,
From thy wandring race to holde thee ſo long:
Fare-well, ſince thy minde is to gadding bent,
Goe ITIS, *to trye thy fortunes euent.*
Is ITIS *gone? now I would he had ſtayd,*
Till fewe dayes: more, had bin better arayde.
Tuſh, ſince he would not followe mine aduiſe,
Let him learne by his owne harme to be wiſe. (*loſſe,*
Such greene heads, when they haue felt their owne
Returne home the wiſer by weeping croſſe.
While I kept him at home, my care was double,
Now he is gone, I am ridde of that trouble.
Should I at his going be diſpleaſed,
Since thereby I feele, my ſelfe much eaſed?
All that wiſe are, will not iudge me too bolde,
To let flie a byrde, which I could not holde.

THE FIRST BOXE of ſporting Familiars.

1. A FAMILIAR FOR DIPSVS.

WIth oyle, with wine, with honye ſome doe piddle,
By toppe, by midde, by grounde to iudge the reſt,
Becauſe in oyle at toppe, in wine at middle,
In hony at the bottome lyes the beſt.
Reade on DIPSVS, thou art no ſuch creature,
As will leaue at midde, at grounde, or at toppe,
If thou beginne, t'is againſt thy nature,
To leaue as long as there is leaft a droppe.

Such ſimpring lippes as doe drinke but a little,
Can be no great readers for want of ſpittle.

2. A Familiar For Klops.

WHo ſcanneth? ho Klops fingers leaue ye me,
Twere fitter for Klops to ſcan heauie tree.
Tis no ſclaunder to ſay, hand off ſir knaue,
To them, who fingers much like lyme twigs haue.

3. A Familiar For Clinvs.

CLINVS men doe neuer worke till they ſweate,
Will ye knowe why? he allowes them no meate.
Hence CLINVS, you come not vnder my roofe,
You are a bad pinching Maſter by proofe.
Knowe you to ſcan vearſes were to meate them,
Rather then ſcan them, ſure you would eate them.
A niggard doth ſo much loue worldly pelfe,
That he can loue no other, nor himſelfe.

4. A Familiar For Lacon.

LACON you tell me you are ſhort winded,
You cannot reade a vearſe ſo long as mine:

I anſwere,

I anſwere, to reade you are not minded,
So tis your ſhort will that lengthneth my line.
Who comes to reade with an vnwilling minde,
No maruaile if he be ſoone out of winde.

5. A Familiar For Himming Iane.

THe mother askte her onely daughter Iane,
Whom ſhe would haue to be her mate,
She lett her anſwere came too late.
Streight as ſhe ſawe her, Philip in the lane,
Streight, ſtreight ſhe wreſted out an himme full ſhrill,
That himme once done, ſhe made another,
And looked right vpon her mother;
As who ſhould ſay, her hymmes had told her will.
Ha, ha, at length, I now perceaue in deede,
Why maydens moſt, as reume doth fall,
Giue not a hem, but him withall.
Hems are their worke, but hims are their good ſpeede.
Thogh tong, thogh words, thogh pen would ſeeme to (bluſh,
Wel fare an him, it ſpeaketh at a puſh.

6. A Familiar For Kerchered Ioane.

ONe tongue, two eares we brought into this life,
Heare more, ſpeake leſſe (quoth IOHN) vnto his wife:
Good words, but yet they could not end the ſtrife,
Ioanes eares were lapped vp in linnen folde,
Her tongue was clapped vp in no ſuch holde,
She ſaid her kercher made her tongue a skolde.
What all tongue? No eares? I will conſter this,
A woman of that forme a monſter is.

7. A Famil For Battvs.

MVſe ye why BATTVS is not ouer wittie,
Some ſay that feare a wit doth breede:
Then BATTVS none more bolde, in all the cittie,
Hence he of wit could neuer ſpeede.
If once a man be ouer bolde,
Tis ſigne of wit is too neere polde.

8. A Familiar For Aiax.

I Heard ſome chatte, of one baſe bratte
That AIAX hath to name,

All

All much did muſe, why wit did chuſe
To hatch ſo foule a ſhame.
Some ſay wits head, was piskie lead,
Fond fire as furie blazde.
Wit knewe not then, what it did ken,
Wit was ſo much amazde.
But other ſort, giue this report,
That Goates which clime for Iuye,
If feete doe ſlide, may chance to glide
Right downe into a priuie.
If wit be fickle, it ſtands but tickle,
And ſoone may take a fall:
This may be troth, I will be loth
To rub wit on the gall.
Some ſcrape their head, with fingers ſpread,
And coniure out a louſe,
But wit his nape, with pen did ſcrape,
And framde a ſquittring houſe.
Another crew, when it did view,
Said *Saturne ruled wit,
Theſe all haue ſhot, but none I wot,
The verie marke hath hit.
The laſt that came, plaide forth the game,
And ſaid wit knew full ſure,
Leſſe he did Iake, his deare friend make,

* Agrip. lib. 1. cap. 48. de occulta p'tia.

His worke could not endure:
He ſaw each houre, AIAX deuoure,
Other bookes as other meate,
But hunger muſt ſtirre vp great luſt
Ere the dad the ſonne doe eate:
This bolt doth hiſſe, and the marke miſſe,
For wit knew AIAX will,
None ſhould preſume, him to conſume,
AIAX would AIAX ſpill.
Here I am long, doe me not wrong,
To thinke I play the foole
For men more wiſe, cannot ſoone riſe,
When AIAX is their ſtoole.
But now attend, Ile make an end,
Perhaps this was the feate,
When AIAX came to Printers frame
The concurſe there was great,
So wit was wrong, amongſt the throng,
And cruſhed in the preſſe
That in the incke, wit was made ſtincke,
Becauſe it could no leſſe.

When men in throngs with might are ouerpreſt,
Great hap but ſome doe ſtincke among the reſt.

9. A Famil. For Pointed Rose.

MArke where I point, I point at Rose,
That tolde her true loue without glose,
That giue she would him not to lose,
The verie best point in her hose,
What ware she hose? and points I trow,
Whereby she gaue her loue to know,
Who did himselfe on her bestow,
Of her should find a pointed shrow.
If women once the breech doe weare,
The breech th'eyl keepe, and so they sweare.

10. A Famil. For Logiatros.

WHat Logiatros canst a reason tell
Why still thy Landres keeps her health so well?
Dost straine thy wits, in deede they are but muddie,
That cannot answere that without some studdie.
To tell the reason is it such a matter,
When that she oft doth bathe her hands in water.
His wit is not loftie, but verie humble,
That fals to his feete in a straw to stumble.

11. A Famil. For Glotta.

DOth Glotta ſcolde at morne? She is to be forborne,
She ſerues for cocke at day-light peepe,
To waken ſuch as are a ſleepe
Doth Glotta ſcolde at dinner? Therein ſhe is no ſinner,
She ſerues for Hen to clocke her chicking,
While cromes are come to fall a picking.
Doth Glotta ſcold at night? ſhe ſaues much candle light,
She ſaues for Curfewe-bell in ringing deepe,
To warne the houſhold all, t'is time to ſleepe.
Hath Glotta tongue at will? and is her tongue good ſtill:
To call her maides, bought whiſtles ſoone are loſt,
Her tongue doth ſerue, ſhe ſpareth all that coſt.
To ſcolde, what though our Glotta is well able?
Wife good ſhe is, becauſe ſo profitable.

12, A Familiar For Porvs.

OVr Porvs keepes Decorum beſt of any,
Though fewe: as he write verſes halfe ſo many.
As nature him hath made a naturall,

He

He makes no verſe thats artificiall.
The man that ſcorneth all the arts of ſchoole,
Wants but a long coate to be Natures foole.

13. A FAMIL. FOR LALVS.

WIlt LALVS know, why barren is thy head?
Thou art too buſie with a tame Gooſe quill,
Thou dipſt too deepe in ſtandiſh made of lead,
Vp to the brimme it hath not now his fill,
And doſt thou looke thy Muſe ſhould ouerflow,
When ſtill thou ſinkeſt downe thy pen ſo low.
Who ſtill drawes out (if in come no ſupplie,)
The fountaine of his ſtore muſt needes be drie.

14. A FAMIL. FOR BIBVLVS.

WHen NASICA ſought ENNIVS at his lodge,
His mayde then faynde he was not in the houſe:
In like NASICA did with ENNIVS dodge,
You will not me, I did beleeue your blouſe.

Though they at home were all the while,
They fayned no, each other to beguile.
The caſe not ſo with me and BIBVLVS,
He is within (he ſayes) when I doe come:
But I doe take this anſwere fruolous,
Can he within be that is not at home.
With him who talketh, talketh with a poſte,
His wits are gone from home with Ale and toſte.
This difference then in all I finde to bee,
NASICA there, here BIBVLVS doth playe,
NASICA there ſaid no, when he ſhould yee,
Here BIBVLVS ſaith yea, when he ſhould naye.
Some men no ſooner doe beginne to talke,
But one may ſpy their wit from home doth walke.

15. A FAMIL. FOR GALLING GALLA.

AS long as GALLA doth a wifes life leade,
Well may ſhe call her husband her ſweete hart:
For that he might her Hart be for his head,
This good wife GALLA well hath done her part.

Sweete

Sweet hart is ſuch a galing word becomme,
Then it to vſe t'were we ſaid mumme.

16. A Famil. For Batardas.

Batardas needs would know his horoſcope,
To ſee if he were borne to ſcape the rope.
The Magus ſaid, ere thou mine anſwere haue,
I muſt the names of both thy parents craue:
That ſaid, Batardas could not ſpeake but ſpitte,
For on his fathers name he could not hitte:
And out at dores at laſt he ſtept with ſhame,
To aske his mother for his fathers name.
Loe, he whoſe mother cloſe doth giue the horne,
Knowes not his father after he is borne,

A Famil. For Glaber.

Glaber doth labour in his angrie huffe.
Cleane to diſcredite all windes that doe puffe:
As oft as the winde doth ſit in the Weſt,
He rimeth the winde is in the raines neſt:
As oft as the winde doth ly in the South,
He rimeth the winde is in the raines mouth:
As oft as the winde doth ſtand in the Eaſt,
He rimes the winde is ill for man and beaſt:

As oft as the winde doth ſtay in the North,
He rimes the winde is naught, t'is nothing worth.
And why doth GLABER with his quarter witte,
For all foure quarter windes a ſtale rime fitte?
Forſooth each quarter winde doth perwiks hate,
And blew at once all hayre from Glabers pate.
Wilt not make one chafe a bald pate to ſhowe,
And to be laughed at, as AESOPES poore crowe?
Why ſhould my pen to pleaſe all men be bent,
When neuer blew winde that all did content?

18. A FAMIL. FOR TEASTIE HARRY.

WHat HARRYE art thou angrie in the huffe,
That thy wife an harlotte is in leuity:
A figure all will ſalue, be not ſo ſnuffe,
Harlotte is Harryes lotte in breuity.
Thy wife is Harryes lot, thy ſon is Harryes loute,
By her thou haſt a blot, by him thou haſt a floute.

19. A FAMIL. FOR CORVETTO.

CORVETTO much with HOLINSHED did rage,
That chronacling the writers of his age,

When

When roome enough was left him in the page,
He did forget to place among the reſt
A famous learned writer of the Weſt:
And who was that? CORVETTO? No I ieſt:
CORVETTO wrote but once a ſinging note,
What though? ſhould ſuch a writer be forgote?
Since he had once in Ballad royall wrote.
For Stanyhurſt hath chronicled therefore,
One DORMER: ſo ſhould HOLINSHED no more
Haue done, then one (he knew) had done before.
O on our manners, and ô on our time?
Muſt he be made writer, that made but a rime?

20. A FAMIL. FOR FLORA.

THough FLORAES tongue can ſooner curſe then bleſſe,
Though FLORA to thee can no wealth bequeathe,
Yet FLORAES childe (thou mayſt not doe no leſſe)
Runne, ſee thy mother once before her death,
For harke, ſhe is to thee thy knowne mother,
And if to her thou commeſt not the rather,
Her breath once gone, thou ſhalt not finde another,

To

To tell who is thy yet vnknowen father.
The childe that commeth of ſuch parentage,
To knowe his father, is his heritage?

21. A Famil. For Plotto.

AS running gutters vſe to charge a ſinke,
So Lacons did their Helots lode with drinke,
But Lacons did it not for idle ſporte,
They did it youth from drunknes to exhorte.
Our Plotto when he makes a ſolemne meale,
Doth with his friende, as with an Helote deale.
He chargeth him with pots full to the brimme,
Vntill he waſhe his witte from euery lymme,
And then he thinkes, whats in his friend to ſpye,
A ſober man he countes a marchant ſlye:
One of his friendes that well his practiſe knewe,
Of purpoſe did into his boſome ſpewe,
And ſaide: there Plotto, ſee thou what was in me,
If ought I haue concealed, then doe skin me.
To make men dronke, who offreth that diſgrace,
Deſernes to haue, the drinke ſpued in his face.

22. A Famil. For Dalila.

WHat wife, what man at Dalila doth taunte,
Becauſe ſhe makes her husband weare the horne?
Her husband is her head, who doth not graunte?
And ſhe doth nothing but her head adorne.
I, but t'were more for her heads reputation,
If it were rounde after the olde faſhion.
For a wife to defile her wedding bed,
Is it nothing but dreſſing of her head?

23. A Famil. For Penthvs.

THough meary trickes doth other men make glad,
Yet meretrix doth make poore Penthvs ſad.
For he, whoſe wife playes meretrix in grayne,
While others laugh, he can but ſigh for paine.

24. A Famil. For Ardel.

WHy doth not Ardel the ſermons frequent?
Forſooth he warbleth at home on his Lute:
For there in no ſorte he will be preſent,

Where

Where one muſt ſpeake all, and he muſt be mute.
Phy to know this, doth Ardel the wit lacke,
That preachers are fiſhers, and he but a iacke.

25. A Famil. For Bonsotto.

Bonsotto very charie in his choyce,
Did aske where he might get a quiet Ioane:
His friend replyed at Tame (as went the voyce)
The wiues that are, are Tame wiues euerie one.
Bonsotto ſpurred Cutte, and rode to Tame,
From whence he brought a mayden for his loue,
But not long after he his friend did blame,
Becauſe his maiden did a wilding proue.
His friend bid him remember what was ſaid,
If he would haue her to be a tame wife,
He ſhould not her haue carryed thence a maide,
But ſhould a while in Tame haue lead his life.
Who thinks at Tame that there is nothing wilde,
In wife, in gooſe, in all may be beguilde.

26. A Famil. For Manerly Mall.

IS not Mall a goſsip among the reſt?
Why? ſhe can goe ſip as well as the beſt.
The manner it is at a goſsips cup,
By pledging each other to ſip all vp.

27. A Famil. For Davvs.

I Heard the minſter maſters did of late,
Our Davvs to a light-horſe ſet,
But he beſt knowing what did beſeeme his ſtate,
Light huſwife for light-horſe did get.
For other gentils that light-horſes haue
Leaue knaues to ride them to the ring,
On his light huſwife ſure ſhall ride no knaue,
Himſelfe will her to order bring.
Hath he skill without Sadle or bridle to ride,
And hath not skill to make acount
That at muſter, if himſelfe ſtep aſide
On his light huſwife ſome muſt mount.

If once light huſwifes for light horſes went,
What ſtore of horſe to muſter ſhould be ſent?

28. A Famil. For Brennvs.

MY wife, my ſweete hart, my friend, my true loue,
My Roſe, my ioy, my wealth, my turtle Doue,
My honie come, my yoke mate, my treaſure,
My miſtris, my ſoule, my life, my pleaſure,
My darling, my wedlocke, my choyce, my Mouſe,
My bedfellowe, my pigſny, my deere ſpouſe,
Theſe termes and more moſt married men doe borrow,
That they may pleaſe their wiues with a good morrow,
But Brennvs hath a terme that doth paſſe them all,
He doth his wife his Cornucopia call.
Truer he ſpeakes, then he thinkes (Ile be ſworne)
For if ſhe liue, he ſhall neuer want corne,
Corne, but tis corne of a farre harder graine,
Would Marchants would ſhippe ſuch Corne into Spaine.
That men may not dwell in Vtopia,
Whoſe goodwife is a Cornucopia.

29. A Famil. For Thrasvs.

YOu Thrasvs thinke I wander all alone,
And therefore hither come with me to walke,
But I replye, though you will here see none,
I with your better all the while did talke.
Tis better to walke as if forsaken,
Then by bad mates to be ouertaken.

30. A Famil. For Sqvadro.

PHy Sqvadro leaue on corked shooes to mount,
Though with thy Prince thou art in great account,
For such did Solon like to counters casting.
Whose greatest valew is not euerlasting.
The counters that for thousand pounds doe stand,
May fall to pence if please the casters hand.
Tis better farre in countrie liue a clowne,
Then in the Court a counter vp and downe.

31. A Famil. For Helcvs.

OF Orators I commend Helcvs saying,
He is a sore fellow that neuer wants matter,
But some my words (not as they should) waying,
Thinke that I with Helcvs doe but flatter:
Whereas I protest, I meane in plaine sorte,
That Helcvs is no drie scabbed fellow,
Scabs he hath many, but none by reporte,
Which is not full of matter thats yellow.
A moyst scabbed Orator (not to flatter)
Is a sore fellow that neuer wants matter.

32. A Famil. For Demas.

DEMAS eares at Sermons no longer stay,
Then till they heare what is the Preachers text,
And then like tawnye coates they goe their way,
Not caring what the Preacher vttereth next.
But where doe they goe? can any man tell?
Where should eares goe without eyes to conduct them?
Mary blindfold they can walke right to hell,
And so much the sooner, if none instruct them.

How

How then come they backe their head to beguile,
For when the Preacher is like say no more,
They (as if they were present all the while)
Come sneaking againe within the Church-dore.
The reason of that, is Satans deuise,
He suffreth the eares, backe againe to turne.
That they might thither the whole man entice,
And then he would, both soule and bodie burne.
Who knowes not that Satan is prince of hell?
Giue him but an inche, he will take an ell.

33. A Famil. For Orgvs.

YOu Orgvs more then the Irish tongue haue,
Or els your better you could not call knaue.
If one tongue will not serue a cancred minde,
To reuile will soone another tongue finde.

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34. A Famil. For Babbo.

IF thou delighteſt to liue in vnion,
Doe not Babbo conceiue an opinion,
That thy wife is a Catholike minion.
Such conceite may worke thy transformation,
To be Stagge-headed by coniuration,
For ſee what force hath imagination?
Conceites of hornes in Cippvs minde did creepe,
Wherefore no ſooner did he wake from ſleepe,
But forth two hornes did through his forehead peepe.
Though it be for ones credite to be zealous,
Yet for feare of hornes tis naught to be iealous.

35. A Famil. For Grypho.

WHen greedy Patron Gryph o was to chuſe,
A skilfull ſhepheard for to feede the flocke,
He then a preaching Paſtour did refuſe,
And choſe no better then a dum dull blocke:
All angrie were, but he did them beſeech.

To heare him ſhew his reaſon without choller:
The one was not, the other paſt in ſpeech,
The laſt (quoth he) I tooke for better ſcholler.
And is it ſo? doth GRYPHO thus contend
The eyes of all the common ſort to bleare?
That GRYPHO well may know he doth offend,
Ile whiſper verſes two in GRYPHOES eare.

The youths that are paſt grace are graceles Colts
Clarks that are paſt in ſpeech are ſpeechles dolts.

36. A FAMIL. FOR PHRYNE.

WHile PHRYNE was in trauell with a lad,
The midwife asked, who was the babes dad.
PHRYNE ſaid CRASSVS, for he had the purſe,
Able to pay for the charge of a Nurſe,
But, CRASSVS then it ſtoutly denyed,
And before them all he thus replyed.
Can a woman that is ſuch a tricker,
Of many tell right which thorne did pricke her.

Tis hard when a man hath all diſputed,
That drabs may make a father reputed.

37. A Famil For Craxo.

TO pay his debt Poet Craxo coyne doth lacke,
What then? can it a Poets credite cracke,
If many ſtriue to haue him by the backe?
Was it not much for Homers reputation,
That ſeauen Citties were at altrecation,
Which might plucke him within their corporation?
Wherefore dread not Craxo be of good cheare,
What Poet ſhould noble patrons holde moſt deare,
If not him who comes to Homer moſt neere?
That Poet to Homer ſteps neerſt of any,
Whome to arreſt their ſtriueth ſo many.

38. A Famil. For Garron.

GArron in reaſoning had no ſooner quoted,
The firſt to Corinths and the ſecond Chapter,
But forth with his ignorance ſome had noted,
For he ſhould haue ſaid a great deale more apter,
Had he for Corinths namde Ariſtotles booke
That of corruption long ſince he had wrotten,
But Cor. for Corinths he fowly miſtooke,

A corrupt tongue had corruption forgotten.

Who ſpeaketh much and knoweth but a litle,
No maruaile though he faile in many a title.

39. A FAMIL. FOR ADOC.

WHen to the high Court ſome ADOC detected,
That of two ſchollers the beſt he reiected:
Then ADOC for excuſe had no other ſhift,
But ſaid he choſe him that had the better gifte:
Had the better gifte, but now hath the worſe,
For ADOC of giftes hath robbed his purſe
ADOC may (ſince the rich he poore doth make)
Sweare, he none but poore ſchollers in doth take.

Into that Colledge where places are ſold,
Come none but Aſſes well loaden with gold.

40. A FAMIL. FOR CACTOS.

ARe good Boxes ſcant? doth CACTOS ſome want,
That for cornes of Pepper he bookes doth teare

My fiſt ſhall be bound with boxes moſt found,
To ſtore him if he lend me but his eare:
Came he within reach, I then would him teach
What t'is in booke-leaues his pepper to wrappe:
But now I greete him when ſoeuer I meete him,
The boxes I promiſe, Ile pay at a clappe.

To Groſers each writer his owne bookes to ſpare,
Will frankly giue Boxes to wrap vp their ware.

A clauſe to cloſe vp this BOXE.

PRotect Lord (I aske it, with heart contrite)
Fortie more, the ioye, of each Engliſh ſprite,
That fortie paſt, we may fortie more write.

THE

THE SECOND BOXE of ſporting Familiars.

1. A FAMILIAR FOR LVSTRO.

WElcome Luſtro a Gameſter for my hand,
You make no count of the loſſe of an howre:
You will reede on what ſoeuer the ſport ſtand:
My verſe may proue ſweete though yet it be ſowre.
Er now you haue loſt puore pounds at one game,
Then in viewing my boxe you howres can ſpend.
Yet haue you not broke vp play on the ſame,
But ſtill haue lookt till the play did amend.
Vnleſſe time be kept from running away,
Howſoeuer the game goe there is loſt by play.

2. A Famil. For Bvcco.

BVcco on thy pen ſtand not too daper,
Thy bookes ſerue for nought but for waſt paper.
For that they doe die the day they are borne,
Witneſſe all cloſe ſtooles where Papers are torne.
All ſuch bookes as no wit nor learning haue,
Haue beſpoken the cloſe ſtoole for their graue.

3. A Famil. For Paictes.

YOu Paictes did once a packe of Cardes burne,
Becauſe they did not anſwere your deſire,
Tell me what Familiar will ſerue your turne,
You ſhall haue one to ſaue the reſt from fire.
Craue you a Familiar at play to winne?
Your Familiars name muſt needes be Lucrifer,
He will ſtand by as to play you beginne,
He holds the Candle, thence called Lucifer:
They that doe winne haue the Deuill and all,
For they that loſt, the Deuil goe with it, ſay,
Where ſuch gaine comes, there Pluto comes withall.
How ſay Paictes, will you ſo winne at play?
Doe you anſwere no? what then? would you loſſe?

A loſers purſe is vncroſt and vnbleſt,
There the Deuill will dance where he finds no croſſe,
See then PAICTES how gameſters are diſtreſt?
Loſers haue the Deuill, but not their own ſtake,
Getters doe both the Deuill and all vp take.

4. A FAMIL, FOR IVDAS.

IVDAS did a married man a vile ſpite,
When that he cald him an Hermaphrodite.
For though he haue the Cocks-combe on his head,
His Hen not asking leaue doth on him tread.

5. A FAMIL. FOR CRACCVS.

CRaking CRACCVS a coward at his ſworde,
Hath beene made more then once to eate his worde,
Hence he oft wringing for his wombes deiection,
To vnloade the refuſe of his refection,
Squittreth out nought, but craking cracks behinde.
Out of doubt he hath fed on windie meate
That hath beene driuen his owne words to eate,

For

For wordes are but winde, no good nutriment,
And turne all to a windie excrement.
A craking coward cannot be frolike,
He is ſtill troubled with a windie colike.

6. A Famil. For Rhombvs.

WHen Rhombvs of croſſes heares much prittle prattle,
He then commeth thus in with his twittle twattle.
Is not he of all other ſorely croſte,
That muſt riſe earely when tis an hard froſte.

7. A Famil. For Caeso.

CAEso ſent his greeting the realme throughout,
Vnto all elder brothers that are heires,
If that they to their tackling would ſtand ſtoute,
To keepe foes from landing on land of theirs,
Then the Spaniards in their ſhippes ſhould be ſtifled.
Like ſnayles hiding their heads within their houſe,
Then no corner of England, ſhould be rifled,
No, nor fire ſet to the hole of a mouſe.

For

For Cæſo did dare to ſpeake theſe bolde wordes,
That younger brothers ſhould ſo to it ſtand,
That the Spaniards ſhould ſooner eate their ſwordes,
Then once ſtep on any parte of their lande.
If CAESO meane to performe that he ſayes,
No other way his forces muſt be bent,
Then ſtoutely to keepe, the princes high wayes,
For there is the land which yeeldeth him rent.
Whoſe tongues do oft ſpeake of that they ſhould not.
Their eares muſt oft heare of that they would not.

8. A FAMIL. FOR LADRO.

BY LADROES meanes a cuſtome is in crepte,
When men their verdicts giue in the courtes face,
Then againſt him any one may excepte,
So a knaue may an honeſt man diſgrace.
Surely he who will no mans verdicte brooke,
Ile be bound, witte will neuer his head breake,
For (as Tully ſaith) perhaps hee dooth looke,
That men ſhould be mute, and that beaſtes ſhould ſpeake.
Be the lawe neuer ſo prudently pend,
The knauerie of the lawe, t'will neuer mende.

9. A Famil. For Bombax.

BOMBAX doth neuer vp a newe ſute make,
But runneth on skore for the whole payment,
Flouting at thoſe, which ready coyne downe ſtake,
As not able on truſt to buy their rayment.
Tuſh (ſaith BOMBAX) I care not who ſpred it,
That vnto moſt marchants I in debt lye,
The more in their bookes, the more my credite,
The more truſted, the more I am ſet by.
Well my BOMBAX, for a while thus it bragge,
But to it, if he ſooner doe not looke,
Vnto the Iayle, knaue-baylifes will him dragge,
For being ſo farre in the marchants booke,
To be farre in bookes, ſo to be truſted,
To be indebted, ſo to be ſet by,
Is to be cloſe in priſon vp thruſted,
Is to be fettred, is to be let lye.

A marchants booke, if payment long doe faile,
Will proue a plaine Mittimus for the Iayle.

10. A Famil. For Favnvs.

THe BOETIAN dames when they did marrye,
Had their Coach-axeltrees burnt at their dore,

That

That wanting meanes, them abroad to carrie,
They might at home, remaine for euermore.
But FAVNVS to cauſe his wife home to keepe,
Not onely makes her weare rags about her,
But alſo likening her to a ſnayle creepe,
If ſhe aske for newe clothes, thus doth floute her.
Can a good wife any apparel lacke,
That ſnayle-like goes, with an houſe on her backe?

11. A FAMIL. FOR CALLIPAED.

CALLIPAED, if thou wilt thy credit ſaue,
Out of hand, make a cloſe ſtoole thy bookes graue.
Such bookes as to their authors ſhame are borne,
Deſerue not with, cleane fingers to be torne.

12. A FAMIL. FOR CRELLVS.

CRELLVS betrothed will goe no furder,
Till adultry by law be made murder.
Then he thinkes no man will hazarde his life,
To play at cockall with his neighbors wife.

Er then though his garden dore haue a locke,
He feares leaſt others will graffe on his ſtocke.
Tuſh ſince the Serpent did tempt EVA firſt,
To taſte forbid fruite moſt women doe thirſt.
Tuſh ſince wiues the longing diſeaſe haue gotte,
They will needs taſte pears of more then one potte.
What though law be ſtraite? thats neuer the neere,
Some ſooner will buy it, becauſe t'is deere.
The more the law doth ſinne exaſperate,
The more in ſinne ſome will be deſperate.

13. A FAMIL. FOR TENAX.

TENAX all his yeeres hath ſcarſe beene the better,
For any Pater noſter that he hath ſayde,
Becauſe he neuer forgaue any debter,
But ſtill doth call for euery groate to be payde.
A churliſh miſer if he will be ſhriuen,
Can ſpeake of no debt that he hath forgiuen.

14. A FAMIL. FOR BARNGRO.

DOſt wonder BARNGRO: what might be the reaſon,
Thou canſt not thriue by thy occupation?

For

For ſince the laſt mart in Winter ſeaſon,
Moſt of thy bookes in ſhoppe keepe their ſtation:
Now pray thee looke to thy Booke-chapmen all,
How long they in their Colledge keepe their ſtand,
There they reſt, there they ruſt within the wall:
How then can Booke-ſellers make a good hand?
The time was BARNGRO that Bookes were good ware,
Soone ſome were ſolde, ſoone other came in ſteed:
But then to mayntaine ſchollers more did care,
Soone ſome were gone, ſoone other did ſucceed.
The time is now that ſchollers are not ſet by,
Vnleſſe to ſet by, be to cleane forſake:
The time then muſt be now that Bookes are let ly,
Becauſe to let ly, is vp none to take.

Books muſt needs ſtand in the ſhoppes till they duſt,
If Schollers ly in Colleages till they ruſt.

15. A FAMIL. FOR BALDO.

BALDO like a new broome did make cleane ſweepe,
When to his office he firſt was lifted.
But now his diligence is brought a ſleepe,
Out of no one floore the duſt is ſhifted.

When

When petty magiſtrates become old broomes,
Tis time to chuſe other into their roomes.

16. A Famil. For Dirrike.

Dirrike writes his bookes of ſo huge a ſize,
That paſſe the capacity of any poke:
But therein he ſheweth himſelfe vnwiſe,
Thinking that great Bookes will the priuie choke.
Priuies be the paper neuer ſo tough,
Like vnto graues, will neuer ſay enough.

17. A Famil. For Mistho.

Mistho you coulde like to haue me your ſonne,
But you craue a ioynter for your daughter,
As if you knew well (before it be done)
That I being dead ſhe ſhould liue after.
Knew I that your daughter were of your minde,
I would no farther in the matter mell:
For with her which can in her hard heart finde
To leaue her mate die alone, who would dwell?

MISTHO your daughter more then ſo doth loue,
I geſſe by that I haue her water caſte:
To me ſhe will another THISBE proue,
If I once die, her life not long will laſte.
She that minds with her maſte to ſtand & fall,
Will not looke for any ioynter at all.

18. A FAMIL. FOR MANGO.

OF late Mangoes hayre did grow through his hoode,
His elbowes, his knees, his heeles did breake holde,
His teeth chattered?, his paunche did barke for foode,
Each playte in his coate was a lowſes folde.
But now he hath all theſe ruines repayred,
Leaſt his tenement fell into the Lords hand.
Though he coyne lackte, he nothing diſpayred,
For this coſte and charges to giue his band.
Tis better on backe with maſe to be ſmitten,
Then on backe with hungry lowſe to be bitten.

19. A FAMIL. FOR NOLA.

LIke will to like, NOLA long did tarry,
Long did tarry a maide againſt her minde,

But now at length ſhe doth with one marrie.
She hauing nothing doth her match out finde,
So he and ſhe both being man and wife
(If they ſee well how both their caſe doth ſtand)
They muſt needes like Gentle folkes leade their life,
For they haue not whereto to ſet their hand.
For beggers to marrie tis iolly play,
For want of worke they ſtill keepe holy-day.

20. A Famil. For Altanvs.

WHat meane you Altanvs the heauens to ſcale,
That to ioyne land to land is all you drift?
Can you not content your ſelfe with the dale,
But that you muſt Polion on Ossa lift?
Lift as loft as you liſt, you downe muſt ruſh
(For al, both high and low, a fall muſt catch)
Clymers aloft with fall their lims doe cruſh,
When other with fall, their skins doe but ſcratch.
I but the higher, to God the neerer,
Nay not ſo, for then Birds by that account,
Should then all mankind to God be deerer,
For higher then mankind they all doe mount.
See then Altanvs be not miſtaken,

The

The greater your fall, the higher your tower,
For t'wilbe your lot to be winde ſhaken,
As all other are by an higher power.
High minds mounting vp, who may mount farder,
Doe nothing but make their owne fall harder.

21. A FAMIL. FOR KILLOS.

YOu KILLOS haue change of rayment good ſtore,
And yet doe oft finde a Louſe neere your waſt
Will yee know the reaſon? I ſay no more,
You faſted one day in the Chriſtmas laſt.
He that keeps one faſting day in the tide,
Shall ſure haue a Louſe bite him by the ſide.

22. A FAMIL. FOR PHAVLVS.

PHAVLVS plaine dealing is a Iewell you ſay,
Tis true, for on work-dayes you ſtill deceiue,
You keepe plaine dealing for high holly-day,
As when the Lords Supper you doe receiue.

Belike of Iewels you haue no great ſtore,
Or els you would not make that ſtore of one,
To haue Iewels and to vſe them no more,
Verily it were as good you had none.
He that doth good deeds for holy-dayes keepe,
May ſtand among Goates, but not among ſheepe.

23. A Famil. For Belvs.

BELVS your Arrow-making trade is vile,
You haue long robbed the Geeſe of their wing,
Now you are like, ſhooe Geeſe another while,
Nnleſſe your long-bow hath more then one ſtring.
You know BELVS how to peece a broken ſhaft,
And to worke it ſmooth when the glew is colde,
So you muſt peece vp your trade with your craft,
And then your broken trade may chance to holde.
If craft were not, men that ſtand on their trade,
By occupation would be beggers made.

24. A Famil. For Phelox.

WHile you Phelox teach other how to warde,
Me thinks you doe not your owne ſelfe regarde,
For while to other you giue ſlampadoes,
You ward not the louſes in bratthadoes:
In hyp, breſt, arme, ſide, ſhoulder as you know,
The Louſe giues you a gaffe, foyne, finnew or blow,
The Louſe keepes no diſtance, wherefore tis hard,
In fence his irregular foyne to warde.

25. A Famil. For Carna.

CArna with her husband doth not diſſemble
The Calibaris haſta to reſemble.
See where ſhe be not ſo good as her word,
Shee is as keene in his ſide as a ſworde.
If the wife keenes for kindneſſe doe ſhew,
She treadeth right in the ſteps of a ſhrew.

26. A Famil. For Agagvlo.

ADultrie is not made murder by law,
Agagvlo liues he cares not a ſtraw.
To reade the Scripture let him ſpend ſome breath,
He ſhall there finde that the leaſt ſinne is death.
Much more adultrie that arch-enormitie,
Fouler then which there is no deformitie.
Such as follow their ſweete ſinne doe little thinke
Of what ſowre cup they muſt afterward drinke.

27. A Famil. For Hvber.

Hvber is louſie, Hvber is drouſie,
The one comes of wealth, the other of lacke,
How then can it bee, that theſe two agree?
Can two ſuch ſhrewes creepe both into one ſacke?
Things though diſagreeing, may in one haue being,
If you doe the ſundry times diſtinguiſh,
Hvbers kitchin blaſt, doth not too long laſt,
There the colde doth the heate longer extinguiſh.
Tis but once a yeare, that he makes good cheare,
His faſts doe drie more then his feaſts doe wet,

Thence

Thence it falleth out, er th'yeare come about,
He doth drowſines and lowſineſſe get.
He that faſts more then feaſts, muſt be louſie,
He that bibs more then bits, muſt be drouſie.

28. A Famil. For Caldo.

PArſon Caldo doth not once prayers ſay,
Nor Preach elſe-where nor within his owne cure,
An hired Curate doth ſtill for him pray,
Yee his Pariſhoners, can yee this endure?
When yee heare your Parſon prayed for ſo long,
When he is ſpeechleſſe by Pulpits recorde,
To knoll the Bell for him, you all among.
Will not one that loue to your parſon forde?
Though Parſons are prayed for, and ſpeechles lie,
If they can keepe liuing will neuer die.

29. A Famil. For Pagis.

PAgis may the ſwelling ſea-ſurges beare,
Borne to be hangde, he drowning needs not feare.

He drowning neede not feare, borne to be haltred,
But if firſt drownde, then hangd, the caſe is altred.

30. A Famil. For Tarbos.

THere is by Gilbert Cambrievs report
On the Noth-ſide of Mounſter an Iland,
Whether if any femall doe reſort,
Without more adoe they die out of hand:
But any male may there ſafely abide,
The Cocks of Birdes to chirpe there doe not ſpare,
When by natures inſtinct (as hath beene tride)
Their Hens to flie thither doe not once dare.
Tis th'onely place Tarbos for thee to dwell,
For thou art troubled with a ſhrewd curſt wife,
To carrie her thither thou ſhouldeſt doe well,
That thou mayſt make her leade a quiet life.
Nothing can rid a man of a ſhrewd wife,
But onely death to rid her out of life.

31. A Famil. For Thambvs.

WIſely Thambvs you know not how a mare
Hauing both eyes cloſe, may be ſaid to ſtare,
If your mouth be ſhut doe not you well know,
How you may be ſaid a bad breath to blow?
Looke not to the head, but turne to the tayle,
And to ſoyle this doubt you neede not to fayle.
For I thinke you cannot in doubt remaine,
When by tayle, and by token, tis made plaine.
Anſwere muſt be made (elſe Grammer doth ly)
By the caſe the queſtion is asked by.

32. A Famil. For Blakiko.

BLakiko neuer went into the fielde,
But that he made his enemy to yeelde,
Perhaps you will ſay, the fight was ſcarce good,
Nay he neuer fought, but that he drew blood,
Muſt not he then be ſome ſtout Lantado?
Soft be not deceiued with this brauado.
He fought with none but marrow-bones in deede,
One after one he made them all to bleede.

And

And made them all to yeeld vnto his hand,
What champion could doe more in this land?
Among the tale men ſhall not he be one,
That oft hath drawne bloud of a marrow-bone.

33. A Famil. For Rochvs.

MEn ſay Rochvs that you liue by your wit,
And yet you will not be a man of trade,
Surely (if your right humour can hit)
By this quirke you are a Gentleman made:
Such are trade men which doe liue by their hands,
Doe but rubbe your forehead, and then bebolde,
To giue out, that you doe liue by your lands,
All which lands you in Capite doe holde.
The courteſie of England doth require,
Sir knaue ſometime, to be clepped Sir ſquire.

34. A Famil. For Cothon.

IF he by all cenſures be voide of pride,
That ſpends more in lynings then in outſide,
I dare ſay that Cothon is no way prowde,

For

For of all the coyne that he is allowde,
The more pence goe to lyne himſelfe within,
As with meate but more drinke to fill his skin.
Let others buy ſheepes wooll to make their coate,
He will buy the Lambs wooll to line his throate.
If the inlynings be not good in froſt,
All the charge on the outſide may be loſt.

35. A FAMIL. For BROVCHVS.

GRammarian BROVCHVS doth his burthen curſe,
So heauie it was it hath him tyred.
Out of doubt he bare not an heauie purſe,
Men of his coate are not ſo well hyred.
Grammarians are not heauie-load with gaine.
All the wealth they haue lyeth in their braine.

36 A FAMIL. FOR THEBIT.

AS THEBIT to ſoare aloft did once dare,
Leauing the center of the world to treade,

He

He then the earth with the heauens did compare.
And found it no bigger then a pins head.
Whereon with himselfe he presently thought,
That wealthie men of this worlde were but fooles,
Because for nothing else but earth they sought,
Neuer brought vp in the Mathematike Schooles.
Nay THEBIT nay, call that worde backe againe,
Since that wealthie men of all things haue store,
And your Schoole-mates are bare, is it not plaine,
How that they can number and measure more?

Wealthie men can number more for their part,
Then Mathematicians can for their heart.

37. A FAMIL FOR RVSCVS.

WHen that common doubt was of late rayſed,
That in few words ſome would the truth rehearſe,
Whether ACHILLES were to be prayſed,
More for his actes, then HOMER for his verſe.
RVSCVS ſaid t'was harder to doe then ſpeake:
Marke whether RVSCVS deſerue not a bable,
For ſaid he true, himſelfe muſt needes be weake,

For

For to ſpeake as one ſhould, he is not able.
Harder to doe then ſpeake? Now you lie Aſſe,
ACHILLES in deede, did the deede, that fought,
But ſhall HOMER writing a whole ILIAS,
In compariſon be ſaid to haue done nought?
Is not the minde fayrer then the bodie?
Which then of them both doe the harder deedes?
You know RVSCVS (though els but a nodie)
That the fayrer muſt be the harder needes.
The Laurell, the Cap, and the wide-ſleeue gowne,
Do cleane put the ſpeare & the brown bill downe,

38. A FAMIL. FOR ROBVB.

ROBVB did thinke (would he neuer ſo faine)
He could not the name of a goodman gaine:
But of late the widdow goodwife HORNER
Hath made him goodman of her bench corner.
No maruaile that few great men, good men be,
They match not with women of low degree.
Tis comfort to them that meanely doe match,
The names of goodmen and goodwiues to catch,

39. A FAMIL. FOR GRVNTOKE.

YOu GRVNTOKE are a man of my meane place
The horſleaches daughter is your bed mate,
Were you a noble man, I would you more grace,
As to match you with one of higher ſtate.
The ſecond daughter of RICHARD the firſt,
(The white Monks all dead) ſhould then be your wife,
For after the ſand of Tagus you thirſt,
As ſhee, ſicke of that dropſie all her life.
You are bad at a forke, but good at a rake,
The horſleach daughter, and you are well met,
Yee heape vp all, and none abroade doe ſhake,
All is good fiſh that commeth to your net.
Greedines is a dropſie incurable,
So long as life doth laſt it is durable,

40. A FAMIL. FOR HYPATON.

BRIAREVS though he had hands ten times ten,
Yet was not more happie then other men:
HYPATON though he hath great ſtore of land,

Doth

Doth not in better caſe then other ſtand:
For he hath more mouthes then other to feede,
And may ſooner then other ſtand in neede.
Some Pecockes would not vaunt of their feather,
If they could ſpell, and put this togeather.

To want nothing, although to haue things ſcant,
Better then much to haue, and much to want.

A clauſe to cloſe vp this BOXE.

PRotect Lord (I aske it, with heart contrite)
Fortie more, the ioye, of each Engliſh ſprite,
That fortie paſt, we may fortie more write.

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THE

THE THIRD BOXE of ſporting Familiars.

1. A FAMILIAR FOR MONTOS.

THe Spartans praiſe the laſt king for the beſt,
Yea though he were not ſo good as the reſt,
This is my laſt Boxe, now where ſhall I finde,
A fauorite herein of the Spartans minde?
MONTOS an apiſh Mimus of no good,
Borne to beare two faces vnder one hood.
MONTOS an hogs trough from belly to chin,
As if a tympany ſtretched his skin.
MONTOS whoſe mouth, ſtore of reume doth diſtill,
And ſtore of ſmooth wordes, like falſe dice at will.
MONTOS, whoſe chins rudder was ſometime rounde,

Is the beſt fauorite that may be founde,
For of all the good turnes that he doth taſte,
None ſtickes in his minde, but the very laſt.
He did an olde friend of his quite forſake,
That him of a mole-hill, did a mountaine make.
And choſe another, for no other matter,
Then becauſe he ſhewed him courteſie latter,
Shewed him courteſie latter, but much leſſe,
As himſelfe (though vnthankefull) did confeſſe.
Well, can he be a conſtant friend and true,
That olde friendes leaueth, and cleaueth to newe?
Let them that playe at Noddie, him regarde,
For the worſt in the packe, Ile him diſcarde.
But what? MONTOS, thankes is ſoone ripe, ſoone rotten,
His friendſhip I doubt not, will ſoone be gotten.
Though I anger him, in playing this caſt,
Yet for a figge, he is mine at the laſt.

Thankeles mates, as Æſops crowe ſhould be fleeced
Or with a ſtrong hand, like ſponges be ſqueeſed.

2. A FAMIL. FOR PHONA.

IS PHONA hoarſe? huſh, why no force,
I now dare lay twentie to ten,

That

That her goodman (though cock-old) can,
At this vantage, out crowe his hen.
Then cut-combe cockerels, haue cauſe to reioyce,
When their hens through hoarſenes haue loſt their
(voyce.

3. A Famil. For Cavalressa.

Each one wiſheth an handſome wench to catch,
Handſome of the hand doth the name enioye,
Why then doth none with Cavalressa match,
She is tractable, and in handling not coye.
Vnhandſome are ſuch, as will not be handled,
But ſhe will ſit on any alehouſe bench,
And hand in hand likes by all to be dandled,
How ſay then, is not ſhe an handſome wench?
An handſome wench, may be an handſome quayne,
The man that hath her, hath an handſome gayne.

4. A Famil. For Svmongal.

Samongal they ſay, keepeth a good houſe,
I, but learne how thats to be vnderſtood:

Vpriſing, downe-lying, perhaps thers a mouſe,
But ſauing for himſelfe ſcarſe any foode.
The wals are good, the lodgings wide and large,
He keepes it good and cleane from all reſorte,
A good houſekeeper he is, with ſmall charge,
And not in deede, but onely by reporte.
The miſe that come there, doe but peepe and whine,
For though they haue holes enough to reſt in,
Yet cannot breake their faſt, nor ſuppe, nor dine,
Nor ſmell out a roome, where meate was dreſt in.
A good houſe-keeper a ſnayle is as good,
As he that onely, for himſelfe hath foode.

5. A Famil. For Casnar.

WHat meaneth Casnar that pouch by your ſide?
It is a Camels backe bouche I take it,
The needle you muſt creepe through is not ſo wide,
You cannot in, vnleſſe you forſake it.
The Foxe that once into the Garner ſtole,
Ballaſting his belly with two much meate,
Could not creepe out againe at the ſtraite hole,

Becauſe

Becauſe his paunches loade was ouer greate,
To whome another Foxe ſpying his griefe,
Said he muſt there ſtay, till he came ſo leane,
As when he firſt crept in there for reliefe.
CASNAR no more, you perceaue what I meane,
The Foxe his paunch, but you your pouch doe loade,
Out you muſt of this worlde, as in you came,
In, whereat you came, the gate was not broade,
Vnloade CASNAR therefore, vnloade for ſhame.
In this worlde, why cram we our purſe with pence,
None muſt departe with bagge and baggage hence.

6. A FAMIL. FOR CONOPS.

THe beere-barrell, rounde waſted, deepe cheſted,
Bigge breſted, cloſe girded, and truſſed faſt,
Is ſo with iuſts and turnaments wreſted,
That oft tis made to ſtand tilting at laſt,
It ſelfe, hauing neere ſwetted his heart out,
Lets the drinke another while runne at tilt,
Then CONOPS at tilt will yet haue aboute,
To ſhew euen then, his courage is not ſpilt.
Other giue off, when the barrell dooth ſtoope.
Thinking they haue ſhewed themſelues the ſtronger.

But CONOPS for valour deſerues the whoope,
He tilteth till the drinke runne no longer.
He foyles the barrell that pluckes him on knees,
But he him conquers, that drinkes vp the lees.

7. A FAMIL. FOR MERCHAT.

THere is no good truſting MERCHAT in neede,
Though it be true, that his worde is his deede.
When he hath ſaid, he hath done, and thats all,
He that hath his worde, hath his deede withall.
A knaue he is, whoſe worde and deed be one,
If his worde be all, and his deede be none.

8. A FAMIL. FOR DANISTES.

THe children grow well, that well are fed vp,
But they doe liue well, that well are bred vp.
Why then doth DANISTES count them but fooles,
Which bring vp their children in Grammer ſchooles?
He himſelfe playing but a niggards parte,
Will not haue his learne any liberall arte.
The liberall artes are ſeauen, but he hath none,

Therefore

Therefore his ſonne ſhall leaue them all alone.
One liberall arte enough, to make one bare,
Therefore his ſonne, ſhall for none of them care.
Looke (quoth he) on the Grammarians diſtreſſe,
Their liberall arte makes them haue the leſſe.
Looke ouer all the ſtudents that commence,
The better ſcholler, the fewer his pence.
I neede not to refute this wretched elfe,
He hath recanted this folly himſelfe.
For his ſoule by his ſonne (as a iuſt iudgement)
Was almoſt thruſt out of his olde tenement.
His ſonne that was firſt better fed then taught,
Could not chuſe but after proue to be naught.
He leaues his child wel, that leaues him downe preſt,
Coyne in his purſe, and cunning in his breſt.
But if one cannot, with both his childe bliſſe,
Better of coyne, then of cunning to miſſe.

That childe may con his parents but little thanke,
Who made him artles, leaſt he would be franke.

9. A Famil. For Aliqvot.

Aliqvot hath ſcarſe any rags to his backe,
And yet for all that he ſweareth great oathes,

That hauing nothing, he nothing doth lacke,
It is true, for he makes nothing of clothes,
His clothes he had new, are now ſo well worne,
As being but rags are nothing in deede,
Whenſoeuer he dye, he thinketh it ſcorne,
With more then his bare corps the wormes to feede.
Since that into this world we naked came,
To goe out as naked why ſhould we ſhame.

10. A Famil. For Cvpencvs.

CAp to cap, round to ſquare, which is the beſt?
Ariſtotle ſayes, the round forme beares the bell,
Nay Cvpencvs, you doe Ariſtotle wreſt,
Knewe you his minde, you would your round cap ſell.
The rounde doth more then other formes containe,
Then greater heads muſt weare the rounder caps,
The tound is the ſimpleſt figure in plaine,
The round cap notes the ſimpleſt head perhaps.
The round with the ſquare cap may not compare,
Becauſe the round cap is ſtill out of ſquare.

11. A Famil, For Gallvs.

WHo if he be wiſe, will ſpare any coſte,
In time, both goute and baldnes to preuent?
What if Gallvs two pretious ſtones hath loſt?
Then for his health, could they be better ſpent?
No feare to be balde, or troubled with goute,
In him whoſe both ſtones are cleane taken out.

12. A Famil. For Pozzo.

WHo ſayes that much drinking doth dimme the ſight,
Small muſt be the mote the Sunne cannot ſpie,
And yet he ſtriueth from morning to night,
By drinking vp liquour to make all drye.
When clowded he is, he then doth but winke,
For opening his eyelids he lookes more cleare,
Then why ſhould our Pozzo forſake his drinke?
For looſing his eye-ſight, he need not feare.
I, but yet there is more in it then ſo,
Pozzo takes Tobacco though ſtincking ripe,

What

What then? though he takes much the Sunne takes moe:
Ech Chimney is the Sunnes Tobacco pipe.
The Sunne among Planets hath no meane place:
Then giue to POZZO (leaſt he chance to ſlide)
Among his Planetarie mates the ſame grace,
To garde him let there ſtand three on ech ſide.
Two porters will ſerue to lift vp a coole,
There muſt be more to beare a drunken foole.

13. A FAMIL. FOR LOVVDYE.

IN that houſe where we ſtore of crickets ſee,
Some ſay that there the man and wife agree.
How haps it at LOVVDYES houſe there be none?
Are not LOVVDYE and her husband at one?
Crickets are a babling kinde of ſmall creeple,
They will not be out bablde by any people:
And LOVVDYE forthwith driues all out at dore,
If then her ſelfe they preſume to bable more.
Her husband he as a poore hoddy pecke
Keepes himſelfe in, not daring once to quecke,
He not like SOCRATES at dore ſteps out,

Finding

Finding the winde more within then without:
But lurkes cloſe, and perchance in the houſe toppe,
As not able the mouth of his wife to ſtoppe.
For the houſe toppe is thought the ſafeſt roome,
As fardeſt off from a bad huſwifes broome.

A ſhrewde windy ſpirite doth that houſe haunt,
Where the wife hath a tongue at will to taunt.

14. A Famil. For Cnips.

SOme words there are which will the ſtab deſerue,
I will ſpeake them, and yet my life preſerue:
Dab Cnips in your teeth, and bad in your throate,
Without Hebrue you know not what I wote:
Loe Cnips one word makes two forth & backe ſpoken,
This to your throate, that to your teeth a token.

He needs not for want of words his talke ſpill,
That hath more then one tong to ſpeake his will.

15. A Famil. For Troppo.

TRoppo blames his man comming vp the ſtayre,
If he come puffing to corrupt the ayre.

But

But himſelfe puffing out farts within dore,
Doth not he (thinke you) corrupt the ayre more?
Our finding of fault turnes to our owne ſhame,
If we doe that which in other we blame.

16. A Famil. For Priscvs.

EAch bodie that doth in any place hyde,
Doth there as Content in Continent byde:
Yet he that ſhall ſay (his tongue muſt needs ſlyde)
That Priscvs (who liues in Iayle diſcontent)
Is there as Content in the Continent,
Though by Continent the mayne land were ment.
One that in priſon is cloſely vp pent,
Is a mal-content in a mal-continent.

17. A Famil. For Larvs.

IF that one will be maſter of his wife,
He muſt for pure loue match his inferior:
For he not equall, then cuts off all ſtrife,
And by that act makes himſelfe ſuperior.
Larvs minding to practiſe this aduiſe,

Choſe

Choſe one to himſelfe in ech reſpect leſſe,
And yet in matching her he was not wiſe,
For ſee for all that how ſhe him did dreſſe:
Shorter ſhe was, but ſhe grew the longer.
For he matched her when ſhe was too yonge,
Weaker ſhe was, but became the ſtronger:
Silent ſhe was, but now lowder of tongue,
For he wedded her ſicke and hoarſe of voyce,
Pleading an errour he would her diuorce,
But could not obtaine to make a new choyce:
Taking her at firſt for better for worſe.
If the wedding knotte be once embrodered,
Though the wife proue after an arrant ſcolde,
She from the man can not be vnſodered,
But ſtill muſt be his to haue and to holde.

Warpe it will the ioyning can not be good,
To ioyne ful-vp-growne timber with green wood.

18. A Famil. For Aenda.

PSora is a ſore, but then t'is a ſcabbe,
Dolor is a ſore, but then t'is of minde:
Flenda is ſore, but being a fowle drabbe,

Her

Her ſore is rather of the former kinde.

In viewing of ſtates the next way to miſſe,
Is to leaue the partie, and aske the piſſe.

19. A Famil. For Donfronto.

NAture hath Donfronto moſt brauely graced,
He can not be out bearded nor out faced,
And at no time can want a ready diſh,
That is not altogether fleſh nor fiſh.
All the yeere long at meale he ſhall be able,
To ſit downe a cods or calues head at table.

Nature mixing good with bad doth teſtifie,
That if ſhe could, ſhe would all things beautifie.

20. A Famil. For Abra.

IF euer, ſure then now in this our age,
Women on earth an enterlude doe playe:
Loe Abra commeth forth as on a ſtage,
For player-like ſhe doth her ſelfe array:
Behold and ſee her dyed locks ſet out:

Her

Her guilded head-worke, and her paynted hewe,
Her neate and net tyre, all her necke aboute,
Her Panther-ſpotted gowne of faſhion newe:
Her cob-web lawne, her troubling trebled ruffe,
Her barrel-bumme a iolly hoope doth beare,
But will ye haue a bill of all her ſtuffe?
She a whole royall of exchange doth weare.
Ah fine ſhoppe of toyes? ſhe is of the crewe,
Whoſe huſwiferye, lyes all in the apron ſtring.
Becke ſhe can, not bake: browe it, not brewe,
She can wiſhe, but not waſhe · wrong, but not wring.
In olde time to buye women apparell,
Was it counted ſhippes with tackling to ſtore?
Sure then now it is true without quarrell.
For now their rigging coſtes their husbands more.
Well ABRA playe on thy parte as thou liſte,
Doe ſtill like an earthly ſlymie ſtarre blaze,
As oft as thou come, on ſtage thou art hiſte,
And hiſte againe, by them that on thee gaſe.
A woman in wanton attire vp takte,
Doth where ſhe goes, but a ſtrumpets parte acte.

21. A FAMIL. FOR KARTVS.

SOrrow is ſore woe, if it be in deede,
Sorrow is ſore rye, if it be in ſhew,

Not blacke KARTVS ſhould be thy mourning weede,
Thy mourning weede ſhould rather be of blew,
For thy wife is dead, and ſorrye thou art,
Not ſorrowfull as men did ſay of olde,
No ſore woe for her death doth pearce thy hart,
But ſore rye hath of thee taken ſore holde.
Many there be that weare a mourning toate,
Yet can with deſcant ſing a merrie note.

22. A FAMIL. FOR VOLTA.

PALLAS threw away her Pipe euen in ſnuffe,
Becauſe it cauſed her cheekes vp to puffe:
VOLTA pipes not, for it will her tongue ſtay,
And ſhe will not holde ſtill that while ſhee play.
Some women doe thinke (it cannot be choſen)
That if their tongue ſtand ſtill it will be froſen.

23. A FAMIL. FOR INFLATO.

IN paſsing the ſtreete, ſome ſtriue for the wall,
And why ſtand you INFLATO on that pride?
If the wall, be alwayes due to the tall,

Why

Why takes your rapier ſometime the out-ſide?
And if to the wall the weakeſt are thruſt,
The neerer the ſtall, the more ſtal-cutter:
But to launch out into the deepe (I truſt)
Is to goe neere the channell or gutter.
Many will vnſheath blades the wall to take;
That for the cittie will neuer fight make.

24 A Famil. For Rvfvs.

IT hath beene in England counted moſt meete;
Not onely in way each other to greete,
But in friendly ſort to vayle the bonnet,
How is it then Rvfvs doe this wonnet?
His better will not vayle to him againe,
To ſalute the poorer he doth diſdaine,
His equals muſt firſt put off Hat to him,
And then he will touch but euen his Hat brim,
Moue it off he will not, he ſpares his Hat,
I but there is more yet in it then that:
Birds that looſe a feather at euery flight,
At length become bare to euery ones ſight:

His haire is ſomewhat looſe, he hath ſome care,
That cap-courteſie make not his head bare.
One that hath begunne once fairly to moote,
May not put off his Hat at euerie foote.

25. A Famil. For Marcvs.

SOme ſhould crie holde booke, and line men to angle,
But crie holde hooke and line, and play the crackes,
For Marcvs getteth ſome Logicke to wrangle,
Spends no day without one line to take iackes.
No day without one line bids not I trow,
That ſtudents ſhould each day fiſhing lins throw.

26. A Famil. For Crobolvs.

WHy is Sum a Verbe of the neuter kinde?
It will haue ſuch caſe after as before,
Such a neuter is Crobolvs I finde,
One wife contents not him he will haue more.

A neuter and by Religion a varlot,
Is he who beſides his wife keeps an harlot.

27. A Famil. For Evmolpvs.

Evmolpvs a chapman is, but no buyer,
A good fingrer, but no ſcribe, no minſtrell,
No Poet, no Painter, and yet a lyer,
Then what crafts man he is, reed ere I tell.
Nor good play nor true in fingring that point,
For which the fingrer muſt ſtretch his beſt ioynt.

28. A Famil. For Congvista.

When for dole great ſtore of beggers doe craue,
Will you learne how to make a litle ſtretch out,
So farre that euery one may ſomewhat haue?
Vnleſſe ſome be willing to goe without)
A ſhilling or two among fiue hundred,

And all that would had ſomewhat for their part,
CONGVISTA gaue it, and (to be wondred)
None ſaid gods bleſsing on the giuers hart.
For when ſome had dole of the ſaid few pence,
The reſt (that would) fought with them that were paide,
So there was dole of blowes erre they went thence,
And all (that would) had ſomewhat, as I ſaide.
A niggards ſmall ſomewhat is ſcant worth ought,
The giuer a wretch, the gift muſt be nought.

29. A FAMIL. FOR ACCA.

IS not ſhee thinke you a good wrangling ſlut,
That will her husband to a nonplus put?
How then can ACCA be a good huſwife,
With whome bad words then good pins are more rife?
If ſhe weare out her tongue ſhe will it rue,
Her husband will neuer buy her a newe:
But ſhe preſumes (and that makes her to talke)
Her tongue cannot weare out though ſtill it walke.
No woman would let their tongues walke ſo faſt,
If their tongues with walking like ſhooes did waſt.

30. A Famil. For Metrit.

TO me this parties water vewing long,
His vertue Attractrix seemes with the most,
And his vertue Retenteix verie strong,
But his vertue Expultrix is cleane lost.
What is his name? METRIT, a gredie gutte,
No maruaile if he be so straightlie bound.
With much, and too much he doth himselfe glutte,
Though he wrings, yet lets fall none to the ground.
A glister, a purge, a pill he doth neede,
To make him more laxatiue in the purse,
That he may poore beggers as AIAX feede,
He shall finde his wealth, and health neare the worse.

As to be too costly decayes the wealth,
So to be too costiue impaires the health.

31. A Famil. For Condvrdon.

ABout racket courtes the nets hanged be,
To come in CONDVRDON moue not the latche,
But rather make wing, and thence doe thou flee,
For glad-nets hang there, but woodcockes to catch.

By playing at racket court, what is ment?
Racking the purse, and paying of racke-rent

32. A FAMIL. FOR SANHEDRIM.

HE that did bad lawes to cob-webs reſemble,
To what were bad lawyers like, did he ſay?
Mary to ſpiders, for (not to diſſemble)
They liue but on corrupt bootie or pray.
SANHEDRIM out of good lawes doth querkes wreſt,
As ſpiders from flowers doe poyſon ſucke,
In corrupteſt courtes he takes vp his reſt,
There the ſimpleſt ſorte of flies all to plucke.
T'were to be wiſhed that Weſtmiſter-hall,
And all roomes elſe, where Lawyers come beſide,
Were with good Iriſh timber builded all,
That in them, no ſuch ſpiders might abide.
Shifting Lawyers like ſpiders in their hole,
Doe but waite, ſome fiye or other to pole.

33. A FAMIL. FOR FERONDO.

C*Auda carens caude*, The laſt is Greeke,
Harke FERONDO, and leaue breaking of winde,
If you could out th reof the meaning picke,
You would be more mute then you are behinde:
But to ſpeake more to your capacitie,

Hawkes

Hawkes are ſaid to mute, their tayles doe not tattle,
Then venter you with what audacitie,
In companie to leaue your bomme to prattle.
Good manners would require that mouth to ſtop,
Which doth but in a ſlouings dialect pop.

34. A FAMIL. FOR DIAGORAS.

OVt vpon him, or ſhame on th'as,
Thats his name or DIAGORAS,
He hath wit, but wiſedome doth lacke.
Therefore he is a naughtie packe.
When Caine departed from God,
Iſt not ſaid, that he went to Nod?
An atheiſt going from God is a nodie,
For he goes on, to ſpill his ſoule and bodie.

35. A FAMIL. FOR ZELOTES.

WHy would not ZELOTES marrying his bride,
Leaue her with head-couring her haire to hide.

Becauſe like to one of Dianaes chaſt traine,
From adorning her head ſhe ſhould refraine.
And a womans haire hanging without trace,
He thinkes the beſt attire that doth her grace.
An head-tricking huſwife will neuer reſt,
Vntill ſhe hath her owne husbands head dreſt.

36. A Famil. For Qvassets.

ONe to one made not Hercules afraide,
But two to one, made him looke for ſome ayde.
No maruaile the drinke doth Qvassets head trouble,
For it came vnto him, not ſingle, but double.
No maruaile that he, too and fro doth reele,
Lyke a byas bowle turned on the wheele,
The drinke in him doth not his nature loſſe,
But doth as it did in the barrell toſſe.
Yet thinke not the drinke doth him cleane ſubdue,
Next day he can, and will the fight renewe.
Qvassets can charge, and diſcharge on his knee,
Then why may not he, a good ſouldier be.
All that can charge & diſcharge the wine-potte,
Can not both charge & diſcharge the gunſhotte.

37. A Famil. For Depyg.

Betweene the parties vnleſſe there be fitnes,
The contracte is bad, and doth breede loathing,
Lo Depyg is contracted with a witnes,
For he is almoſt-ſhrunke vp to nothing.
Cannot two wedded become to be one,
Vnles the man be ſo contracted at length,
Muſt the man fall away to skinne and bone?
To be one with his wife, muſt he looſe his ſtrength.
If the wedded man doe ſhrinke vp his ſinnewe,
How can he in good liking long continewe.

38. A Famil. For Knavervs.

I Know Knavervs you are not my friande,
Nor good kinſman for all your brauery:
Leſſe of your courteſie, leſſe of your kinde,
The one is coſenage, th'other knauery.
By craft (not elſe) he that doth coſen me,
By craft (not elſe) he ſhal my coſen be.

39. A Famil. For Tersor.

HIPPOCRATES ſayes none can carrouſe braue,
Vnleſſe his head be of capacitie bigge:
Then Poets as pot-men muſt they not haue
A ſwinging head to fetch a ſwinging ſwigge?
ENNIVS wrote when he was well whitled,
And water-lip-laps make verſe, but vnapte:
Then while TERSOR is by his right wit led,
He thinkes he can with no furye be rapte:
As if one that were not well in his witte,
But ſtarke drunke with wine or drinke made of hops,
Were of all other men the man moſt fitte
To climme or ſleepe on PARNASSVS two tops?
In deede they ſay drunken ſwads no hurt take,
And they will climme with a more ventrous harte,
And can ſleepe ſound, and hardly will awake:
But is there no more skill in Poets arte?
Affections while they are in ſome meaſure,
May vertues (as anger fortitude) whette,
But vice as drunknes doth dull wittes raſure,
Becauſe it doth the brayne too too much wette.
If TERSOR ſo much deſire to be mad,
Or with ſome fury to be rapte a good,
At ALEXANDERS hands rapes will be had,

And

And a cuppe of Lympha will make him wood.
Poets if to be rapt they too much drinke,
Deſerue to be dry beaten till they ſtinke.

40. A FAMIL. FOR CIRRA & NISA.

MY Muſe now to end beeing ready preſt,
On CIRRA and NISA ſhall take her reſt:
I will CIRRA and NISA in one putte,
Though that they themſelues from themſelues doe cutte.
O CIRRA and NISA why play you double?
Ye put the Muſes to verie great trouble.
No maruaile that PARNASSVS head is ſore,
Where ſhould be one head there ſtrife hath made more:
No maruaile the Muſes doe walke vncrownde,
Betweene two ſtooles they doe fall to the ground:
You CIRRA this, NISA that way doe draw,
Each of you doe make ſtore of Poets raw.
For while that with you they doe there abide,
They learne naught but how to beare vp a ſide:
None of you let out any one to ſcape,
That for his place doth not ſomewhat vp ſcrape.
None of you will freely any ſuch chuſe,
As to come round on your ſide will refuſe.

Is he one that brings with him coyned asses,
Though he an asse, for currant in he passes:
Is he one that a good true meaning hath,
Along the coast he may walke, thers his path:
A fellow true meaning hath not any,
How then should he take commons with many?
O CIRRA and NISA vnlesse ye mend,
The glory of PARNASSVS will haue end:
Mend how can ye keeping still the olde crewe?
One od mate enough to marre all the newe:
When one scabbed sheepe infects the whole folde,
No way then but to thrust out all the olde.

Dolefull, that he that Parnassus describes,
Must complaine of strife and taking of bribes.

A clause to close vp the last BOXE.

PRotect Lord (I aske it, with heart contrite)
For euer, the ioye, of each English sprite,
Grant it long to liue, though I leaue to write.

FINIS.